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SONGS

OF THE

Beta-Psi

FRATERNITY.

MDCCCLXXI.

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Nov. 12, 1925

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TO

THE MEMBERS AND FRIENDS OF

THE ZETA PSI FRATERNITY

THROUGHOUT THE LAND,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

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COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

JAMES M. DODGE, *Chairman*,	"Cornell,"	'72.
WILLIAM N. B. LAWTON,	"	'72.
RUSSELL HEADLEY,	"	'72.
HARRY S. BUFFUM,	"	'72.
CHAS. T. VAN GORDER,	"	'74.

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CARMINA

ZETA PSI FRATRIUM.

Grand Chapter Ode.

AIR.—"*Troubadour.*"

GLADLY we came to hear how sped our cause;
Truly, we came to learn our rules and laws,
Glorious Fraternity! Cause to us so dear!
Zetas true, Zetas true, welcome us here.

Sadly we go from hence, pain in each heart.
Loth, from our brothers dear, are we to part.
Pledge we at honor's shrine, yet once again,
Zetas true, Zetas true, we will remain.

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Zeta Psi we Pledge To-night.

BY REV. WM. RANKIN DURYEE, RUTGERS COLLEGE.

AIR, "*Lauriger Horatius.*"

ZETA Psi, we pledge to-night
Ever more to love thee,
As thy spotless banner white
Flings its folds above thee.

Chorus.—As we tread the pathway high,
Leading on to glory,
Oft' we'll wreath round Zeta Psi,
Praise in song and story.

Binding, with thy mystic chain,
Brother's heart to brother's;
Kindling, with thy hidden flame,
Love that nought may smother.

Chorus.—As we tread the pathway high, etc.

Parted far, though we may stand,
Memories, naught may sever,
Still shall bind us, hand in hand,
To thy vows forever.

Chorus.—As we tread the pathway high, etc.

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Gathering clouds and angry skies,
Though thy life assailing,
Yet thy vestal fires shall rise,
O'er the storm prevailing.

Chorus.—As we tread the pathway high, etc.

Zeta Psi, we pledge to-night,
Evermore to love thee,
As thy sparkling banner white,
Flings its folds above thee.

Chorus.—As we tread the pathway high,
Leading on to glory,
Oft' we'll wreath round Zeta Psi,
Praise in song and story.

'Tis the Old Zeta Psi.

BY HORACE MAYO, "COLBY UNIVERSITY," CLASS '63.

AIR—"*Annie of the Vale.*"

'TIS the old Zeta Psi, the best beneath the sky;
It blazes forth with clear and radiant light;
It shows to all on earth that 'tis of Olympian birth,
And fills the heart with gladness, ever bright.

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Chorus.—Come, come, come brothers, come!
Come, let us join all together;
We'll sing one song,
And its notes we'll prolong,
While we all give the grip to each other.

We'll raise our glasses high, for the good old Zeta Psi,
And load our pipes anew with fragrant leaf;
We'll sit and we'll smoke 'mid many a passing joke,
And thus we'll drive away every grief.

Chorus.—Come, come, come brothers, come, etc.

Let the valleys raise, a never ending praise
In honor of our good old Zeta Psi;
Let the rocks and the rills the mountains and the hills,
Resound with the praises of *Tau Kappa Phi.*

Chorus.—Come, come, come brothers, come, etc.

Join, Brothers All.

AIR.—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

JOIN, brothers all, both heart and hand,
That own our mystic tie,
Hail each true-hearted man that bears
The name of Zeta Psi.

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Chorus.—The name of Zeta Psi!
The name of Zeta Psi!
Hail each true-hearted man that bears
The name of Zeta Psi!

Tau Kappa Phi, our banner bears;
This is our rallying cry.
We'll shout aloud, both heart and voice,
Hurrah for Zeta Psi!

Chorus.—Hurrah for Zeta Psi!
Hurrah for Zeta Psi!
We'll shout aloud, both heart and voice,
Hurrah for Zeta Psi!

The sight of that familiar badge
Shall gladden heart and eye.
Our *College Joys* were not complete
Without our Zeta Psi.

Chorus.—Without out Zeta Psi!
Without our Zeta Psi!
Our College Joys were not complete
Without our Zeta Psi.

And when our College days are past,
This love shall never die,
But Memory's warmest nook shall hold
The name of Zeta Psi.

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Chorus.—The name of Zeta Psi!
The name of Zeta Psi!
But Memory's warmest nook shall hold
The name of Zeta Psi.

Our Work with Profs. and Tutors O'er.

AIR—"*Litoria.*"

SUR work with Profs. and Tutors o'er,
Swee de la a wee dum bum!
On toil and care we bolt the door.
Swee de le a wee dum bum!
With joyous hearts and spirits high,
Swee de le a wee tchu hi ra sa!
In hearty joke and song we vie,
Swee de le a wee dum bum!

Chorus.—Litoria, litoria, swee de le a tchu hi ra sa!
Litoria, litoria, swee de le a wee dum bum!

As *Freshmen*, first we take the sign,
And homage pay at Beauty's shrine,
And vow before the Throne on High,
To stand or fall with Zeta Psi.

Chorus.—Litoria, litoria, etc.

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As *Sophs*, ambitious plans we weave,
And mark the boys we here receive;
We welcome conflict with the toast,
Tau Kappa Phi is e'er our boast.

Chorus.—Litoria, litoria, etc.

And while we *Junior* laurels gain,
And lay our wreaths on *Zeta's* fane,
With *Zeta Psi* for our guiding star,
The Future beckons from afar.

Chorus.—Litoria, litoria, etc.

At last, as *Seniors*, on us fall
The mantles of our mystic hall.
Then we the solemn vow renew,
To Zeta's cause, to e'er be true.

Chorus.—Litoria, litoria, etc.

Now, brothers, let your voices ring,
No heavy heart within, we bring;
Let Joy and Mirth in each heart be,
With right good will, we'll all agree.

Chorus.—Litoria, litoria, etc.

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The Zetes are Marching On.

BY G. L. HUNT, "COLBY UNIVERSITY," CLASS '62.

AIR—"*John Brown.*"

WE belong to the order of the true Zeta Psi,
Our hearts beat response to the *Tau Kappa Phi*,
We love all the Chapters, and especially the Chi.
The Zetes are marching on.
Chorus.—Glory, glory, etc.

The sons of Zeta Psi are noble, just and free,
They come from high Olympus, across the raging sea;
Her fame is now transmitted to the care of you and me.
The Zetes are marching on.
Chorus.—Glory, glory, etc.

We have seen her in her glory, lo! now these many years;
She has been our pride and trust through all our hopes and fears,
She has cherished both alike, the young men and the seers.
The Zetes are marching on.
Chorus.—Glory, glory, etc.

We heard our *Country's Call*, the enemy to pursue;
We loved all the brothers, but we loved our *Country*, too;
The old *Zeta Psi* to her call was ever true.
The Zetes are marching on.
Chorus.—Glory, glory, etc.

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Come, all You Jolly Zetas.

AIR.—"*Benny Havens, oh!*"

COME, all you jolly Zetas and let your voices ring;
The praises of our Zeta Psi, we're going for to sing.
Roll, roll along the chorus, fill up your glasses high,
For to-night we celebrate our glorious Zeta Psi.

Chorus.—Our glorious Zeta Psi!
Our glorious Zeta Psi!
For to-night we celebrate
Our glorious Zeta Psi.

Let us raise the merry notes and swell them loud and long,
For our noble brotherhood is the burden of our song.
Tau Kappa Phi our motto is, and ever will we try,
Who most shall honor it and our noble Zeta Psi.

Chorus.—Our noble Zeta Psi! etc.

Once again we raise the song and wake the echos round,
For Friendship, Mirth and Jollity, all we here have found.
No gloomy thought we'll harbor now, we all must sometime
die;
But while we live, we'll ne'er forget our "Jolly Zeta Psi."

Chorus.—Our jolly Zeta Psi!
Our jolly Zeta Psi!
But while we live,
We'll ne'er forget
Our jolly Zeta Psi.

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Zeta Psi! How We Love Thee.

M. A. SMITH, "CORNELL UNIVERSITY," CLASS '71.

AIR.—"*Pleyel's Hymn.*"

ZETA PSI! How we love thee!
Our own dear fraternity;
And till cold in death we lie,
Still we'll love thee, Zeta Psi.

Scattered far though we may be,
Still we'll keep our love for thee,
And for all our brothers here,
Bound to us by ties most dear.

And when we with earth have done,
When the race of life is run,
Our last thoughts shall be of thee,
Glorious old fraternity.

When our souls this earth have flown,
And have gone to their last home,
Still our greatest joy will be,
Zeta Psi, to watch o'er thee.

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Zetes, To-night be Merry.

AIR.—"*Co-ca-che-lunk.*"

ETA PSIS, to-night be merry,
Let us hear no more of care,
All our sorrows let us bury,
And the cloudy future dare.

Chorus.—Co-ca-che-lunk-che-la-ly, etc.

For the past is ours no longer,
And the future lies before,
Let us live, then, in the present,
While its joys are still in store.

Chorus.—Co-ca-che, etc.

Let our hearts like brothers beating
Beat with love and honor fair,
And our tones of joy repeating,
Swell upon the joyous air.

Chorus.—Co-ca-che, etc.

For to-night we're free from trouble,
And we drink to all the dears.
May their virtues all be double,
And their beauty grow with years.

Chorus.—Co-ca-che, etc.

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Cheer, Boys, Cheer.

BY WM. N. B. LAWTON, "CORNELL," '72.

AIR.—"*Cheer, Boys, Cheer.*"

CHEER, boys, cheer, with willing hearts and gladness,
Firm let us stand to noble Zeta Psi,
Glorious and bright her banner still floats o'er us,
Emblem of truth and sign of victory.

Solo.—Hail to thy name, honored in fame and story!
Hail, Zeta Psi, thy sons with fervor sing,
True to thy cause and to thy precepts holy,
Where'er we are, there will thy praises ring.

Chorus.—Cheer, boys, cheer, for Zeta Psi so glorious,
Cheer, boys, cheer, and swell the notes of praise,
Honor her name in song, in toast, in chorus,
Honor the pride and joy of college days.

Cheer, boys, cheer, ring out our Zeta's glory,
Cheer, boys, cheer, united heart and hand,
Firm in the right our cause shall be victorious,
Firm in the ranks, thy sons about thee stand.

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Solo.—Hail to thy name, the name we love and honor,
Tau Kappa Phi our guiding light shall be,
Then will our lives but glory wreath about her,
Grandest and best, our own fraternity.

Chorus.—Cheer, boys, cheer, etc.

Cheer, boys, cheer, let hill and dale re-echo,
Cheer, boys, cheer, let rock and cliff resound,
Where'er thou art, thy sons will ever praise thee,
Where'er thou art to us is "holy ground."

Solo.—Hail to thy name, the name we love and honor,
Tau Kappa Phi our guiding light shall be,
Then will our lives but glory wreath about her,
Grandest and best, our own fraternity.

Chorus.—Cheer, boys, cheer, etc.

What We Love.

BY REV. GEO. W. HUNT, "COLBY UNIVERSITY," CLASS '66.

AIR—"*A Wet Sheet, and a Flowing Sea.*"

COME brothers all, let us gaily sing
To our good old Zeta Psi;
With her praises let the welkin ring;
Fling out her banner high,

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Fling out her banners high, my boys,
To the breezes, light and free,
Tau Kappa Phi our motto is,
And evermore shall it be.

Chorus.—Come, brothers all, let's gaily sing,
To our good old Zeta Psi,
With her praises let the welkin ring,
Fling out her banners high.

I love the smiles of a maiden fair,
The gleam of a sunny eye,
But dearer far the treasures are
Of our glorious Zeta Psi,
Of our glorious Zeta Psi, my boys,
To her a song we'll raise,
We'll tell her glories far and near,
And ever sing her praise.

Chorus.—Come, brothers all, etc.

There's pleasure in the purple wine,
That fills the flowing bowl,
It drives each gloomy thought away
And gladdens every soul,
And gladdens every soul, my boys,
Then social let us be,
And let our hearts with love be filled,
O, Zeta Psi, for thee.

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Chorus.—Come, brothers all, let's gaily sing
To our good old Zeta Psi.
With her praises let the welkin ring,
Vive, Tau Kappa Phi.

Our Song it is of Thee.

AIR.—"*America.*"

OUR song it is of thee,
Shrine of the brave and free,
Dear Zeta Psi.
Let streams of friendship glide,
Along the joyous tide,
With firm men at thy side,
Dear Zeta Psi.

Loud let our anthem ring,
Praises to thee we bring,
Dear Zeta Psi.
O, may we ever be
Faithful and true to thee,
Through all eternity,
Dear Zeta Psi.

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Health and prosperity,
Joy and posterity,
Dear Zeta Psi,
Follow, where'er they go,
Through scenes of joy and woe,
Thy children here below,
Dear Zeta Psi.

We are a Jolly Company.

AIR.—"*Ah, Me Magno Ventro.*"

WE are a jolly company,
A glorious old fraternity,
All bound together by the tie
Of friendship and our Zeta Psi.

With motive noble, purpose true,
It binds us to be faithful to
Its mystic secrets, never known
To those without the fabled stone.

Her guardian star, with shady beams,
Lights up our pathway with its gleams.

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O, may its lustre never fade
While ages roll in swift decade.

O, may her sons a noble band
Stand firm for truth, hand clasped in hand.
O, may they cherish till they die
Thy sacred name of Zeta Psi.

Our Noble Order.

BY RUSSEL HEADLEY, "CORNELL UNIVERSITY," CLASS '72.

AIR.—"*I'll hang my harp on a willow tree.*"

E all are bound by a sacred tie,
Which each of us holds most dear.
To all of our brothers in Zeta Psi,
Accord we a welcome here.

They say that prosperity only remains
When each to the whole is united;

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Let us not then spare any pains
  Lest the fondest of hopes be blighted.

Then let us all most sacredly strive
  To help and to nourish each other,
And by such means to keep alive
  The love of brother for brother.

Now in the bonds of Tau Kappa Phi
  Let one and all solemnly swear
Forever to guard each Zeta Psi,
  And of dangers to make him aware.

The Zetes' Festal Song.

BY G. A. WILSON.

AIR.—"*Gay and Happy.*"

WE gather round this festive board
  And grasp each other by the hand;
To guard each other each one tries,
  A bright and cheerful Zeta band.

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Chorus.—Then let the wide world wag as it will,
We will love the old Xi still;
Old Xi forever, Zeta Psi forever,
We will love the old Xi still.

Our hearts are light, our spirits gay,
As joyfully we great each other,
And our bosoms throb with pride
To welcome each true-hearted brother.

Chorus.—Then let the, etc.

Then we'll raise on high our glasses,
Filled with good old purple wine,
And pledge anew each patriot brother,
In the sparkling juice of the vine.

Chorus.—Then let the, etc.

Some seats in this dear old Hall
Mark the absence of a brother;
They went at their country's call,
Bound by Zeta Psi together.

Chorus.—Then let the, etc.

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Then let all care to-night depart,
And every fear for the morrow flee,
For we're the gay, the Zeta band,
Whose boys have battled for the free.

Chorus.—Then let the, etc.

Come, All Ye Men of Zeta Psi.

AIR—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

COME all ye men of Zeta Psi,
Come all ye glorious throng,
Come shout her fame and praise her name,
And join our jovial song.

Throw all your studies to the wind,
Leave all your books behind,
Let Profs. and Tutors puff and swear
As much as they've a mind.

O, Zeta Psi is ever young,
Though many years may pass,
She opens wide her circling arms
For some of every class.

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She takes not all! oh, no, my boys!
But very few can greet her;
She takes the best, and leaves the rest
For "Delts" who try to beat her.

Then shout long life to Zeta Psi,
And let the shout be long;
We celebrate her deeds to-night
With laughter, jest and song.

Farewell.

J. H. BUFFUM, "CORNELL UNIVERSITY," '72.

AIR.—"*Litoria.*"

ONCE again our Lodge we throng,
Swe de le a we dum bum,
To echo now our parting song,
Swe de le a we dum bum,
And greet the brothers we love most dear,
Swe de le a we tchu hi ra sa,
With secret grasp and hearty cheer.

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Chorus.—O, Zeta Psi! O, Zeta Psi!
As long as love and truth shall last,
O, Zeta Psi! O, Zeta Psi!
We'll love to think of thee.

Loud raise each voice in heartfelt strains,
We're linked by fond affection's chains;
Each year we pass in Zeta Psi
Shall but renew the golden tie.

Chorus.—O, Zeta Psi, etc.

Some may toil in low estate,
Some may fill the chairs of state;
But let us always bear in mind,
That hope in Zeta Psi we'll find.

Chorus.—O, Zeta Psi, etc.

Soon others in our place will be,
And to us on life's stormy sea,
Sweet mem'ries to our hearts will come,
Of days once passed in Zeta's dome.

Chorus.—O, Zeta Psi, etc.

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Our Zeta Psi.

BY WM. N. B. LAWTON, "CORNELL," '72.

AIR.—"*Zula Zong.*"

ZETA PSI, we love thee now,
And we pledge again to thee,
Ever more to love thee still,
Ever just and faithful be:
Faithful to our brothers here,
Joined with us in heart and hand,
Loving each with love so dear,
Faithful to our little band.

Chorus.—O, Zeta! Our own Zeta!
How we love thee, Zeta Psi!
O, Zeta! Our own Zeta!
How we love thee, Zeta Psi!

Zeta Psi, thy sons are brave,
Scattered far o'er land and sea,
Some are sleeping in their graves,
But their spirits watch o'er thee.
Some whose names stand high and bright
Gather laurels for thy brow.
Thee they loved in youth's bright days,
Thee they love and honor now.

Chorus.—O, Zeta, etc.

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When old age comes creeping o'er,
And the silver locks appear,
Still we'll love thee as a son,
Ever hold thy memory dear.
When the voyage of life is o'er,
And from sin and death we're free,
Angel spirits from above,
Zeta Psi, will watch o'er thee.

Chorus.—O, Zeta, etc.

Hail to Glorious Zeta Psi.

AIR.—"*Gaudeamus.*"

HAIL to glorious Zeta Psi,
Queen of good and gladness!
Never may the spoiler smite thee,
Never may the traitor blight thee
With the breath of sadness!

Let the smile of harmony,
As a fetter golden,
Bind the heart of every brother
Planet-like to one another,
'Neath our roof-tree olden.

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When the Queen of Paradise
Makes the valleys vernal,
Then in every willing bosom
Let our aspirations blossom
Into fruit eternal.

When with hoarded fruitfulness
Autumn smiles in beauty,
Let us reap and garner round us
All the sheaves which Love hath bound us,
Sheaves of truth and duty.

Then those buds of Paradise,
Then that fruit of glory,
Shall like twining arms caress us
And with strength and honor bless us,
When our hairs are hoary.

Let Us Meet Together.

AIR.—"*Lauriger.*"

BROTHERS, here with purpose true,
Let us meet together;
With united hearts pursue
Each his best endeavor.

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Chorus.—Let our banner floating high,
Like a spell of beauty,
With our bond, *Tau Kappa Phi*,
Cheer us on to duty.

In the battle field of life
There's a contest waging,
Pen and sword in eager strife,
Every man engaging.

Chorus.—Let our banner, etc.

On us now the conflict falls,
Nobly let's receive it!
Cheer each other with our calls,
Victory! Achieve it!

Chorus.—Let our banner, etc.

Here we pledge to stem the wrong,
Warfare ever glorious!
Speed the day with speech and song
When we'll be victorious.

Chorus.—Let our banner, etc.

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The Praise of Zeta Psi.

WM. N. B. LAWTON, "CORNELL UNIVERSITY," CLASS '72.

AIR.—"*Put me in my little bed.*"

COME brothers, let us join to-night
And sing a song before we go,
We'll sing the praise of Zeta Psi,
With music soft—in accents low.
She's been to each a mother dear,
She's watched and guarded us with care
We'll bless her then to-night in song,
Yes, chant her praises everywhere.

Chorus.—Come, brothers come—unite with us,
We sing the praise of Zeta Psi,
She's been to each a mother dear,
We'll cherish—love her till we die.

There's naught can win our love from thee,
And never shall our hearts grow cold.
We love thee fondly in our youth,
And still will love thee when we're old.
On through life's journey will we heed
Thy noble motto—golden tie
That binds each brother here to-night
In bonds of love to Zeta Psi.

Chorus.—Come, brothers, etc.

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The years are fleeting quickly by,
  Soon we depart from Zeta's dome,
Soon to the Psi we say farewell,
  For soon we leave our college home.
But thee we never can forget,
  Tau Kappa Phi is ever nigh,
And ever for thee will we pray
  That God may bless our Zeta Psi.

Chorus.—Come, brothers, etc.

While We Are Young.

AIR.—"*Old folks at home.*"

WHEN Time has borne us on Life's river,
  Far down the tide,
When many arrows from death's quiver
  Fall on either side,
Then we'll love to cherish ever
  Friends that once were nigh,
Then shall be forgotten, never,
  Glorious Zeta Psi,

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Chorus.—Firm shall be thy name forever,
Glorious Zeta Psi;
True hearts shall forget thee never,
Glorious Zeta Psi.

When Profs. and Tutors bore us sadly,
All the day long,
Here's where we turn our footsteps gladly,
Here's where we raise the song.
Let the music, loudly swelling,
Echo through the hall,
Ever some new victory telling
O'er our rivals all.

Chorus.—Firm shall, etc.

Now, while the sky is cloudless o'er us,
While we are young,
Here, where the hearty swelling chorus
Many a time has rung,
Let our song, to-night ascending
Ring full merrily,
Brother's tones with brother's blending
While we sing of thee.

Chorus.—Firm shall, etc.

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True Hearts.

BY RUSSEL HEADLEY, "CORNELL UNIVERSITY," CLASS '72.

AIR.—"*A home by the deep heaving sea.*"

SH! where will you find such friends,
The friends that are faithful and true,
As you find in our mystic circle
Where each heart beats for you?
There everyone loves the other,
And by actions all daily prove
That their hearts are all united
By the magic cord of love.

Chorus.—True hearts, true hearts,
Are constantly beating for you;
True hearts, true hearts,
Are constantly beating for you.

"Treachery" there, is all nameless,
There faith and trust abide,
All gladly help each brother,
As down life's stream they glide.
May that circle never be broken,
Be each link ever complete,
That intercourse never be darkened,
Which we hold so dear and sweet.

Chorus.—True hearts, etc.

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Our Zeta Psi.

AIR.—"*Litoria.*"

OME brothers, throw your cares aside
Swee de le a wee dum bum,
And gently float adown life's tide,
Swee de le a wee dum bum,
We've ne'er a care and ne'er a sigh,
Swee de le a wee tchu hi ra sa,
In this our glorious Zeta Psi,
Swee de le a wee dum bum.

Chorus.—Litoria, etc.

Though clouds beset our path each day,
We'll steady press our onward way,
And lay them all out high and dry,
Who interfere with Zeta Psi.

Chorus.—Litoria, etc.

Her star can pierce the darkest night,
And put the thickest clouds to flight,
It points toward the Throne on High,
The star of our dear Zeta Psi.

Chorus.—Litoria, etc.

Bright names are gleaming on her scroll,
Each passing year perfects the roll,

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And here we meet 'neath balmy skies
To greet our brother Zeta Psis.
Chorus.—Litoria, etc.

A golden chain binds heart to heart,
No common blow the tie can part,
Our joys and griefs, our hopes and sighs,
Mingle with those of Zeta Psis.
Chorus.—Litoria, etc.

Then grasp the hand more warmly now,
Let wit and mirth more freely flow;
For mirthful hours too soon pass by
In our dear hall of Zeta Psi.
Chorus.—Litoria, etc.

In This Our Happy College Home.

J. H. BUFFUM, "CORNELL UNIVERSITY," '72.

AIR.—"*Dearest May.*"

N this our happy college life,
Let heavens arches ring,
Our noble Zeta's highest fame,
As joyous Zetes we'll sing.

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'Twill not be long ere we must leave
These good old college walls,
And take our places in the world,
Wherever duty calls.

Like some bright dream our college days
Are swiftly gliding by,
But when life's cares less lightly lie
We'll yet love Zeta Psi.
Through future may thy memory
Cling firm where we go,
Though sorrow o'erwhelm every one,
Our praise shall ever flow.

Then while we're all together here
A song of praise we'll sing
Yes, we'll sing while pleasures throng
And let our voices ring.
True to the Psi of Cornell we'll stand
Wherever we may be,
Fond memory shall e'er recall,
Our pledges made to thee.

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We Love One Another.

AIR.—"*Drink it down.*"

OF all the orders on the earth Zeta Psi,
Of all the orders on the earth Zeta Psi,
Of all the orders on the earth,
'Tis the highest in its birth,
Zeta Psi, Zeta Psi, Zeta Psi, Psi, Psi.

Zetes from high Olympus came, Zeta Psi,
Zetes from high Olympus came, Zeta Psi,
Zetes from high Olympus came,
And 'twas there we got the name,
Zeta Psi, etc.

Then fill your glasses high, Zeta Psi,
Then fill your glasses high, Zeta Psi,
Then fill your glasses high,
Drink to Tau Kappa Phi,
Zeta Psi, etc.

Here's a health to every brother, Zeta Psi,
Here's a health to every brother, Zeta Psi,
Here's a health to every brother,
For we love one another,
Zeta Psi, etc.

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Reunion.

H. S. BUFFUM, "CORNELL UNIVERSITY," '72.

AIR.—"*Effie May.*"

BENEATH the arch of Zeta's temple
Oft we love to meet,
And with words of love and kindness,
Our dear brothers greet.
To the teachings of our motto
May we e'er be true,
And the vows we here have taken,
Let us now renew.
Chorus.—Dear Zeta! True Zeta!
May we always try,
To promote the good and welfare
Of our Zeta Psi.

With our hearts now close united,
We will labor on,
Till our banner is triumphant,
And the prize is won.
When our college life is ended
And we join life's fray,
We will carry with us mem'ries
Which will live for aye.
Chorus.—Dear Zeta, etc.

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It's A Way That Some Folks Have.

AIR.—"*Drive dull care away.*"

SOME folks are great bores, sir,
And always stay in doors, sir,
On their posteriors, sir,
To drive dull care away.

Chorus.—It's a way that some folks have, sir, etc.

Some love to promenade, sir,
And give a serenade, sir,
To some undressed old maid, sir,
To drive dull care away.

Chorus.—It's the way, etc.

Some smoke bestride a rail, sir,
And spit like any whale, sir,
With a harpoon in his tail, sir,
To drive dull care away.

Chorus.—It's the way, etc.

Some love to swallow clams, sir,
And oysters and cold hams, sir,
And swell their diaphrams, sir,
So drive dull care away.

Chorus.—It's the way, etc.

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We're glad when Saturday night, sir,
Comes round again all right, sir,
For here we take delight, sir,
And drive dull care away.
Chorus.—In this way Zeta Psis, sir, etc.

Welcome To The Zeta Psi.

BY H. E. AMES, CLASS '73, CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

AIR.—"*Put me in my little bed.*"

WE welcome to our arms another,
Who we hope will always try
To protect and love each brother
In the bonds of Zeta Psi.
If you see a brother struggling,
Lend to him a helping hand;
This will prove your true devotion
To the members of our band.
Chorus.—Come, brothers, come—unite with us,
And greet him to old Zeta Psi,
In him we've placed our dearest trust,
May he e'er guard and hold it nigh.

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Let the oaths which you have taken
Sink deep in your beating heart,
From the path our brothers followed,
Never let your feet depart.
Then come, brothers, gather round him,
Give to him our secret grasp,
Show him that our hearts of kindness
To him are open, while life lasts.
Chorus.—Come, brothers, etc.

When Met In Sweet Communion.

BY C. C. C.

AIR.—"*Away with melancholy.*"

WHEN met in sweet communion,
We come round Zeta's shrine,
We'll sing the song of union,
This simple song of mine.
The bond which first united,
Shall keep us one for aye;
The flame which first it lighted
Shall never, never die.

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Who in our circle finds him
  In aught but happy mood?
For here no fetter binds him,
  But truly Brotherhood.
Here, while the hour unites us,
  Embrace we warm and true;
Whate'er new bond unites us,
  We'll swear the old anew.

Hearts for each other yearning,
  We'll love while planets roll;
All littlenesses spurning,
  We'll keep the "circle" whole.
Clouds can come o'er us never,
  Though worlds may rise and fall;
So let it last forever,
  This bond that binds us all.

Our Honored Shrine.

AIR.—"*Litoria.*"

SH! Zeta Psi, our honored shrine,
In heart and mind we all are thine.
What glories cluster round thy name
As gathered here we sing thy fame.

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We'll let thy name bind one and all;
Firmly we'll stand, we'll never fall,
In friendship ever true and strong
Cheering each other with our song.

We'll leave behind all thoughts of care,
Thrust Euclid out, who don't *Playfair*,
But spoils our fun with squares and sines,
Forgetting tasks in Homer's lines.

For one brief hour, O, "Toughey" dear!
Of Calculus we'll have no fear,
Thy roots and powers with x plus d,
As phantom myths to us shall be.

And "Moses Coit" and "Punkey" too,
With "spouts" and Physics ponied through,
And Prof. Frieze too shall far off be
With classics cursing old "Spondee."

And when our earthly labor's o'er,
We'll gather on the better shore,
And there beyond the Golden Gate
Enshrine our Zeta Psi in state.

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To Zeta Psi We'll Sing.

BY F. W. PROCTOR, CORNELL UNIVERSITY, '73.

AIR.—"*A wet sheet and a flowing sea.*"

TO Zeta Psi we'll sing a song,
And all unite in praise,
For she will guard us from all wrong,
When to her our voice we raise.
She has kept us from oppression free,
And always thus will do,
For we have joined the happy throng
Of all her children true.

Chorus.—Let every Zete then swell the song,
And with a joyous heart,
Ring out the praise of Zeta Psi,
And from her ne'er depart.

She loves us all, and with his might,
Let every brother prove,
By ever striving for the right,
That he deserves her love;
And when our course is finished here,
May thoughts be ever nigh,
Of the happy moments we have passed
With our dear Zeta Psi.

Chorus.—Let every, etc.

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For Zeta Psi Hurrah.

H. E. AMES, CLASS '73, CORNELL UNIVERSITY.

AIR.—"*Bonny blue flag.*"

COME let us all with joy and song,
Now raise our voices high,
And altogether gladly sing
The praise of Zeta Psi.
We are a band of brothers
In the bonds of Zeta Psi,
She is the best of mothers,
And we'll love her till we die.

Chorus.—Hurrah! hurrah!
For Zeta Psi hurrah!
For Zeta Psi, Tau Kappa Phi,
For Zeta Psi hurrah!

Her sons are bold and fearless,
And with united might,
Will repel any foeman
Who dares invade her right.
Then let all join in the chorus,
Let each voice ring loud and clear
While we're under her protection,
Of wrong we have no fear.

Chorus.—Hurrah! etc.

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Good Night.

AMONYMOUS, '72.

GOOD night, good night is a lonely sound,
It brings a sigh from the heart,
To think no matter how dearly bound,
That brother from brother must part.

We know not what the morrow may bring,
Some may not long here remain,
Then ere we part we all will sing
Good night, may we meet again.

Ode.

AIR.—"*Greenland's icy mountains.*"

WE come, but not for glory,
Nor praise from lips of men;
Our deeds shall tell our story,
When with the world again.

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We meet to place our Chapter
In firm and strong array,
Till all unto her banner
Shall peaceful homage pay.

Closing Ode.

AIR.—"*Auld lang syne.*

DEAR brothers, now the hour is come,
When we must part again,
As heart to heart, as hand to hand
We form a living chain.

One warmer grasp before we part,
And then to each good bye,
May peace, prosperity and strength
Attend our Zeta Psi.

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